

JEKYL AND HYDE

The Janus Faced Advocate

At last Throws off its Disguise

Some Pertinent Points in a Circular

Issued by the Prohibition Party.
The Paper Sacrifices Principle For Gain.

Two-Faced.

It is very evident that the Advocate is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde sheet. It has in the past advocated temperance and has written great tirades against the granting of licenses to saloons. The editor of that paper, however, has evidently now changed her mind as the few excerpts published below will show.

The circular also shows that prominent church people are not above putting up political jobs and in fact deluding their own people.

The circular referred to is one issued by the Executive Committee of the Prohibition Party. It states that the circular is issued to correct the wrong impressions that have been created maliciously by some of the advocates of Mr. Richard's candidacy, in regard to the nomination of Mr. McCoy.

It states that Mr. Richard's position was generally known to be that of a high license, but that a representative of the Prohibition Party called upon him and asked how he stood. Mr. Richards would make no promises that he would vote against issuing licenses, his position being favorable to high license. The party then refused to endorse him and after calling upon Mr. McCoy, who believed in prohibition, that gentleman stated that he would accept the nomination for Trustee.

As soon as Mr. McCoy's nomination was announced a great hue and cry began that the Prohibitionists had nominated a man for the sole purpose of defeating Mr. Richards, that they were again trying to defeat good men who had been nominated by license parties. In fact the story was that the Prohibitionists had actually insulted Mr. Richards by asking him to vote against either high or low license.

The next step on the part of Mr. Richard's friends was to get Mr. McCoy to withdraw. Mr. McCoy, however, notified the Prohibitionists that he would not withdraw.

It is evident, however, that both Mr. McCoy and the Advocate were induced to give up their temperance ideas and fall as the following paragraphs in the circular show:

"In the meantime Rev. Harold Monser, the Chairman of the Prohibition Executive Committee, in view of the rumors and misrepresentations being circulated in regard to our action, prepared a courteous statement of our position, and presented it over his own signature to the Advocate for publication. After first asking if it contained any allusion to Mr. Richards, Mrs. Marquand, without even reading it, refused to publish the letter. It was afterwards submitted to Mr. Richards, who admitted that it in no way misrepresented him.

In addition to this, in great fear that Mr. Richards' position on the

liquor question might be attacked, she broke the contract with us for a prohibition column in the Advocate and refused us the use of the paper.

Only four days after assuring the committee he would remain in the field, and one day after our last chance by law to fill the vacancy and have the same appear on the official ballot, without any previous intimation to the committee of his intentions, Mr. McCoy notified the committee of his withdrawal. The matter was made still worse by a letter from him to the Advocate (which had refused to present our side of the case) advising all who had endorsed him to support Mr. Richards, because of Mr. Richards' position on the temperance question.

We felt this course was entirely unwarranted on Mr. McCoy's part and un'air to us. We waited on him and protested against such treatment. He admitted he had wronged us, but refused to make public reparation for the injury done."

Mr. H. H. Dobbins is the candidate of the Prohibition Party in the Third ward and as he and Mr. Richards are both members of the same church, whose members are now taking sides with both parties, the fight promises to be quite interesting.

Class Day.

Class Day will occur on Saturday next at the University. It is to the students what the Fourth of July is to Americans. A day they look forward to with pleasure.

The exercises will be held under the direction of the Senior class, as usual but a slight change from the customary order will be made.

The pilgrimage of the class about the campus, dressed in Grecian costume, will be dispensed with, but the usual spectacular performance will be rendered. It is to consist in the production of a play somewhat in the nature of a Greek tragedy, but what are to be the exact features of the performance and the names of the participants will not be divulged until the time for the rendition shall have arrived.

There are wild speculations as to what the program will be like, but as to the details, no one knows, excepting the performers themselves.

In the morning at 10:30 there will be a concert under the Oaks by the Fifth Regiment Band of Oakland; at 11:30 there will be an ivy planting, with the customary speeches by the class representatives. At 3 o'clock will occur the great and mysterious performances rendered by the band of Grecian tragedians. It is safe to say that the usual dispenser will be on hand with all his brilliant wit and power of calling down the Seniors for untruthful acts committed in their Freshman year, and all the misdeeds they have done throughout their college lives.

The late hour at which the play will be rendered is due to the Fabiola fete; which will take place on the same afternoon.

It is expected that many of the visitors at the fete will have time to reach the college grounds before the class exercises are over.

The guests will have ample time for luncheon at the houses of their friends and to see the university grounds and buildings between the time for the ivy planting and the hour for the afternoon performance.

The invitations issued by the class are printed on imitation parchment, in Greek, Latin and old English, and present a neat appearance.

The committee which has the exercises of the day in charge consists of Misses Fusier, Delaney, Henderson, Redington, McLean and Blumer, and Messrs. Jones (President of the class) Gorrell, Ralph Jones, Corbett, Parcelis Stringham and Laughlin.

In the evening the Glee Club will give the commencement concert at Stiles' hall.

Grand Officers.

The Grand Court Ancient Order of Forresters of America chose the following officers yesterday at San Jose for the ensuing year: Grand chief ranger, A. Orfila of Los Angeles; grand sub-chief ranger, R. B. Vellage of Oakland; grand treasurer, S. A. White of San Francisco; grand secretary, C. H. Bremer of Alameda; grand recording secretary, Solomon Peiser of San Francisco; grand senior woodward, J. S. W. Saunders of San Francisco; grand junior woodward, John Heenan of San Francisco; grand senior beadle, R. R. Dunstan of Grass Valley; grand junior beadle, Edwin L. Foster of San Francisco; grand trustees—E. E. Skinner of Eureka, H. B. George of Santa Cruz, J. E. Anderson of San Francisco; grand auditors—George Moody of San Francisco, Ed Morris of San Francisco, C. M. Dies of Petaluma.

The next place of meeting selected by the Grand Court is Watsonville. Since the last session nineteen new courts have been instituted. The disbursements for the year to sick and distressed members amounted to \$93.507.

Death of Phillip Johnson.

A few days ago an abscess formed upon the right cheek of Phillip Johnson, the well known expressman, and although it caused him considerable pain he still kept at work. A few nights ago the abscess caused him so much pain that he could neither sleep nor rest easy in any position. Finally when he thought that he could endure the pain no longer he thought that if the abscess was opened he might be able to sleep, so he took a pen knife and lanced it.

In the morning the pain was so great that he sent for a physician who found that erysipelas had set in. The physician immediately set out to undo the damage Johnson had himself done, and the patient was getting along nicely until pneumonia set in, and this with the erysipelas combined was more than the physicians could combat, and Mr. Johnson passed away early this morning.

The deceased was well known in Berkeley where he has resided for a long time, and was very much respected, and was an honest, hardworking man.

He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss.

The notice of the funeral will appear tomorrow.

About Oakland Saloons.

The City Council of Oakland has passed an ordinance, by a vote of 7 to 4, closing all saloons within the limits of that city from 6 p. m. on Saturdays until 6 a. m. Monday of each week. Whether Mayor Davis will approve it when it comes before him remains to be seen. Should he approve the measure it is very likely that the California Protective Association will go into law on the proposition that it is class legislation. On the other hand if he vetoes it the ordinance will go to the council and under the law there must be a two-thirds vote to carry it over the Mayor's head.

Real Estate Transfers.

Edgar L. Hoag has sold to Hugo and Dina Schmitz portion of lots 11 and 12, block 2, McGee tract.

John and Bessie Everding have conveyed to the town of Berkeley a portion of lot 19, Everding tract.

Horace W. Carpentier has conveyed to the town of Berkeley property on the line of Christina street for street and highway purposes.

FOR SALE—Saddle horse for lady's use, with saddle and bridle for sale. Inquire at the pound.

EATS CROW.

The Weakly Herald Tries A Mess

And Wants to Crawfish Out of

Its Position in Regard to Manufactories.

Oakland and Berkeley Constables Have a War of Words The Good Roads Club.

Eating Crow.

The GAZETTE's comments upon the stand taken by the Herald, namely, that manufactories are not wanted in Berkeley has caused the management to eat crow.

It has switched off, in its last edition to the idea that nothing in the manufacturing line is wanted in EAST Berkeley. It would like to have the planing mills and the manufactories of electrical lights and the furnishing of power for operating electric railroads moved so far away that the busy mechanical hum could never be heard in what the Herald calls "classic precincts."

The University of California has been to a great deal of expense to erect buildings and supply it with machinery for mechanical work alone. Must all of this work be torn down and moved away because the mudsills of creation want a resting place in as good a situation as people of other classes.

It is decidedly wrong for a newspaper to endeavor to throw a shadow upon what not only the people of Berkeley but of all the State have worked so hard for in building up an institution which is creditable to the whole Pacific Coast. However, we cannot control what the Herald does but we can tell the people what it is trying to do and then see if a majority of the good people of Berkeley will aid to cover themselves with something worse than mud.

Good Streets and Good Roads.

The Good Roads Association of Alameda county was formally organized on Tuesday evening. This association is a very important one. California has not had a law passed since its existence by which more good to the public can be done than the one aiding the making of good roads throughout the State.

Arguments were used at the last session of the Legislature which have had good effect everywhere.

The formation of these associations will eventually place Alameda county at the head of the list when good streets and roads are under consideration. A very large portion of the county consists of valley lands which are nominally level. In consequence the cost of always keeping a majority of miles of good traveling way in first class order will be comparatively low. What upland there is, is of an easy grading property and when once put in thorough good condition can always be kept so without a very serious contribution ever being called for from the taxpayers.

These associations are bound to be commended by the public when their usefulness once becomes known.

Their object is simply "to have better streets and roads" and they will work to that end faithfully.

Warring Constables.

On Tuesday last Township Constable Koch of Oakland levied an attachment upon the goods and chattels of the West Berkeley French Bakery and placed a keeper in charge.

The keeper remained in possession of the establishment until 8 o'clock in the evening, when he went home. As soon as he had disappeared Deputy Constable Neilson of West Berkeley appeared upon the ground with an attachment issued out of Judge Lord's court and slapped it on to the goods and chattels that were attached earlier in the day by Constable Koch. In order not to be caught napping himself, Neilson had the goods removed to a place of safety. Koch's keeper returned to the bakery yesterday but found that everything had disappeared during his absence. He at once hurried to Oakland and informed Constable Koch, who at once came to West Berkeley to see what the trouble was and upon learning the state of affairs he hunted up Deputy Constable Neilson and gave him a piece of his mind. Neilson took the advice and then walked away, leaving Koch on the sidewalk surrounded by a blue halo.

It Would Stop a Clock.

Ed Carpenter, who keeps a saloon on San Pablo avenue, looks as though he had been drawn through a thrashing machine, at least his face does. Carpenter is known to be quite a handsome man and of course he knows it himself and feels very proud about it but to let people know just how homely he is now we will state that he looked out of his door today when a band of sheep were being driven by and his face caused a panic among the sheep.

He looked up at the clock and it stopped and he glanced in his mirror and it smashed all to pieces. We do not desire that our readers or Mr. Carpenter's friends should think that he has been having a fight because that would not be the truth. The fact is that he went out to Point Isabel on Sunday last and got tangled up in some poison oak with the result as stated above. His face is now healing very rapidly and he will be able to get out again in a few days.

Official Hypocrisy.

The city papers give their readers the news that H. L. Foss, indicted for counterfeiting Chinese certificates and smuggling pleaded guilty in the United States District Court. The information should be that he has turned State's evidence and for self preservation has bound himself to swear to something that will convict his associates. That it is as compounding a felony for which government officers should be held goes without saying. In a short time it will be seen that the GAZETTE's ideas are right on this point and that the convictions of the parties arrested, should it turn out so, will be by the connubiation of federal officers.

U. S. Revenue Marine.

Surgeons George Purvince, H. W. Austin and H. R. Carter of the United States Marine Hospital service have arrived at San Francisco. They will sit as an examining Board on the officers who have served longest in the United States Revenue Marine Service, and also those who from any cause are suffering from disability. Any of those who are found to be physically incompetent will be retired.

Notice.

Whereas my wife, Mary Swenson, has left my bed and board without my consent, I hereby give public notice that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract from and after this date, May 9, 1895.

A. SWENSON.

The work of grading San Pablo avenue is progressing very rapidly under the directions of the contractor, W. J. Schmidt.

GAZETTELETS.

The I. O. O. F. will meet in regular session this evening.

Ed. Carpenter has two baby badgers at his resort on San Pablo avenue.

The flower carnival opened at Stiles hall this morning and will continue until tomorrow evening.

GOVERNOR BUDD says that he is perfectly satisfied that the foundation for the ferry building is perfectly secure.

It is expected that the U. S. Supreme Court will give its decision in regard to the income tax on the 20th instant.

The first of a series of socials to be given by Beacon Engine Company will be held on Saturday evening May 18th.

There was a lively runaway of a couple of horses attached to a milk wagon on San Pablo avenue this morning. The horses were caught by a grader for W. J. Schmidt.

At Springfield, Mass., yesterday, the International convention of the Young Mens' Christian Association opened its annual session. Nearly 500 delegates were present.

The California Athletic team had a little practice on the track at Princeton, N. J. yesterday, and surprised the people somewhat. Koch cleared the bar at 5 feet 11 3/4 inches in the high jump and put the shot 40 feet without much trouble. The sprinters and long distance men were in good shape.

The Beacon Engine Company held a special meeting last evening and decided that hereafter they would give a social once a month, and that very shortly they would give a picnic in connection with the Posen company. Another meeting will be held on Sunday afternoon at which time the proper committee of arrangements will report.

Mr. W. H. Atchison says he has met Mr. Hoff and there was a full explanation made by him in regard to his old acquaintance as was succinctly stated in the GAZETTE a few days ago. So as far as these two gentlemen are concerned everything is serene in the Seventh ward.

This morning as the half-past eight o'clock train reached the top of the hill near by Berryman station the springs under the engine gave away and the train was stalled. It took some little time to get another engine from the yard. When it did come the belated passengers started with faces which betokened relief.

Mohns & Kaltenback have located their great big wine vaults at 29 Market street, right close to the ferry. Go in and take a look at the articles in their line. The cellars may give you a chill on account of their coldness but the soft wines will make you blush like a maiden and soften your heart so that it will be very pliable.

The attention of the readers of the GAZETTE is called to the advertisement of B. C. Watrous, the cash grocer in Lorin. He knows how to select goods, and how to sell them. His delivery wagons go everywhere it is possible for a vehicle of that kind and then if necessary he always has a conveyance that will always reach where the foot of man can make an impression.

At Milwaukee yesterday the seventh annual session of the Supreme Council of the American Protective Association began. The most important step to be taken by the Association will be the adoption of an international constitution and declaration of principles and the extension of the order to all parts of the world. The emblem of the order is a golden eagle mounted with a small American flag and "the little red schoolhouse" suspended. Subscribe for THE GAZETTE.

THE GAZETTE.

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JOHN O. HANSCOM, City Editor.
S. H. BORKHEIM, Business Manager.
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THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895

PERSONAL JOURNALISM.

On Tuesday evening last the Dispatch published a most vile and slanderous article against Trustee Acton and Whiting. Yesterday Mr. Acton met the editor of the paper, Mr. Harlan, and stated to him that he, Acton, had never authorized his political card in the paper. Harlan retorted by calling Acton a liar and Mr. Acton promptly slapped his face. He should have given him a good thrashing. Harlan went at once before Judge Lord and had Mr. Acton arrested for battery. He also swore to a complaint asking that Mr. Acton be put under bonds to keep the peace as he was afraid of his life.

After having done all this he goes back to his office and writes one of the most scurrilous articles that has ever been seen in print. It shows on the face of it how cowardly he is. After having Mr. Acton arrested for fear he might harm him he then makes the bitter attack upon him, knowing that as a law-abiding citizen Mr. Acton could not interfere with him. This is not journalism and no honest and fair-minded man will countenance it. People do not support a newspaper for the purpose of allowing its editors to vent their personal spleen upon the people of the town and the editors of the Dispatch will learn this to their cost before many moons come and go. Mr. Acton is a taxpayer and the father of a family. He is a man who has lived in this community for many years and a man who has always had the respect of his neighbors, and all blackmailing attempts against him, such as have been published during the past two days only serves to make him more friends, and brings contempt upon the paper and the editors who resort to this kind of business in order to make a living.

The Advocate has always boasted that it was a clean family paper, a paper that would not stoop to slander and blackmail, yet it slaps the editor of the Dispatch upon the back and follows in his lines as near as possible. It is very clear that one man has been writing the articles for both papers, although the editors of both papers are responsible in the eyes of the law for the articles. In this connection it might be well for the editor of the Enquirer in Oakland to watch his Berkeley correspondent a little and insist upon him getting the correct facts instead of copying slanderous articles from irresponsible papers.

The people of Berkeley do not care to have the fair name of Berkeley dragged in the mire by an irresponsible scribbler who has been in the town but a few months and they will promptly set the stamp of their disapproval upon said scribbler and upon the paper he represents. The editors of the Dispatch have stated to different parties that had the town printing been given to the Advocate they would have had nothing to say against either Mr. Acton or Mr. Whiting. Taking this view of the matter it is plain to be seen that the attacks upon Messrs. Whiting and Acton were simply for blackmailing purposes.

STARTLING.

By telegraph the following news comes from Portland, Oregon, under date of yesterday. The San Francisco Bridge Company has a contract for the foundation of the ferry building in San Francisco:

Lee Hoffman, of the firm of Hoffman & Bates, contractors, has filed in the Circuit Court of the United States a most peculiar and startling document. He does no less than virtually confess that he entered into an agreement with John McMullen of the San Francisco Bridge Company by which the city of Portland was defrauded out of \$45,000. There is now pending in

the United States Court a suit in which McMullen seeks to recover from Hoffman & Bates a portion of the profits of the Bull Run pipe line amounting to about \$80,000. Hoffman admits that there was a contract between them for the construction of the pipe line, and he says that it extended further. He claims that McMullen came here from San Francisco to bid upon the work. McMullen had figured out the cost and intended to bid about \$420,000, which is \$45,000 less than the price for which the work was let to Hoffman & Bates. He arranged with McMullen to share the profits or losses with him providing he would not bid. They came to an agreement under which Hoffman offered to do the work for \$465,067. This Hoffman now claims was an illegal and fraudulent contract and a direct violation of the law. He alleges that by it the city was defrauded of \$45,000 for had not the agreement been made McMullen would have offered to do the work for \$420,000, and would doubtless have secured the contract.

The Herald, in an editorial in its last issue, gives its reason for supporting the Prohibition candidate for Marshal. It says that it supports him because "he is not the owner either in full or in part of a saloon nor does he support saloons by his patronage." Neither of the other candidates own any interest in any saloon and they are both sober and upright citizens. Moreover their names do not appear in the police docket of the town. The editor of the Herald might know a thing or two if he had lived in Berkeley any length of time. As it is now he resides in San Francisco and guesses at things in Berkeley.

A COMMITTEE from the Civic Federation waited upon Governor Budd yesterday to protest against the appointment of a Board of Health which would select Dr. Marc Livingston as Health Officer. The Governor received the committee and told them he believed he would be able to appoint a Board of Health which would satisfy the Civic Federation.

THE revenue cutter U. S. Grant which is now in Port Townsend undergoing slight repairs, has received orders to proceed north and join the Bering sea patrol.

THE constitutional convention of Utah which has been in session for sixty days, for the purpose of framing the fundamental law of the new state, adjourned yesterday having completed its labors.

NOTICE.

Parties so desiring can always call up the GAZETTE by telephone. Telephone No. 33, six bells, West Berkeley. The office in East Berkeley will for the time being be located in the same office with the Western Union Telegraph Company.

If you are in need of Potatoes, Hay, Grain, Wood or Coal, don't fail to go to C. Demetrik & Co., Commission Merchants and wholesale dealers in the above articles. Shattuck avenue, near University avenue. Telephone, No. 43; P. O. Box, 115.

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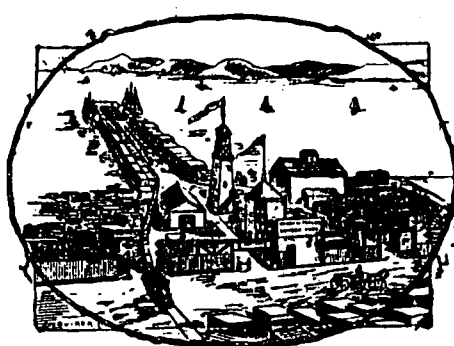
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DEAR BLACK HEAD.

Dear black head, will you go with me
Where the Tir na n'og shines mistily?
Climbing the mountains or sailing the sea,
Dear black head, will you go with me?

On seas uncharted though we set sail
I will not fail you when all things fall;
I'd drown light-hearted your love to be,
Dear black head, will you go with me?

Avournean death! Your dear black head
Shall know no sorrow until I'm dead.
You borrow in sorrow or shame I'll be,
Dear black head, if you go with me.

Oh, till the Islands of Youth we find,
And I'll be faithful and you'll be kind.
Your heart of gold all my case will be,
Dear black head, if you'll go with me.

—Nora Hopper.

A PIECE OF SOAP.

It was about ten years ago, in the month of December. The day was cloudy and dull, and the wind was roaring among the oak trees. I was going to dine with Maitre le Bitouze, who in those days lived on the Haut Potois farm on the farther side of the Nehon moorlands.

The dinner was to be served at 6 o'clock. As I left the forest of Belle-Garde and took the little cross path that led to Monroe I heard the church bells in the valley striking 4.

As I went along the idea came to me to get shaved. It was quite a natural idea, for my beard was hurting me—the cold wind seems to bite an unshaven skin. My beard was eight days old, and there were to be other people at dinner, so I should be more presentable if shaved.

At the entrance of the village on the right hand side stood a picturesque little inn. The wind was rattling the leaves of the holly trees that stood in front of it. Inside I could hear the sound of loud voices. I went in, and ordering a glass of wine asked the host if there was a barber in the village.

"Parbleu oui!" cried an old peasant who was sitting with his feet in the stove and lighting his pipe with a fire-brand. "There is old Bridevent, who shaved the whole camp of Nehon during the war. If he is at home—and he ought to be, for as I passed the church just now I saw his dog Ronflet running down the street—he will do the trick for you first rate, and very quickly too!"

"And this Bridevent," said another peasant, who was stirring his cup of coffee at the end of the table, "evidently means to live and die here. I thought he went away to his vegetables and his cabbages in the country when the camp left Monroe. He comes from the neighborhood of Piron, doesn't he?"

"So he always says, yet he never goes much farther from his little shop than a rabbit does from its burrow."

"And how does he live? A little poaching on the sly and occasionally dressing a beard are not enough to fill the pot. Yet he does nothing else, so far as I can see."

"Bridevent is a sly one, Maitre le Hodey, and has put aside a little money. He used to keep a cantine, and has done other things than shave chins."

Satisfied with what I had heard, I asked the proprietor to show me Bridevent's house and left the inn. I found it, as he had described, a low, picturesque cottage, standing alone far back from the road, with its broad, sloping roof giving to it a somewhat lugubrious appearance, not lessened by its lonely situation.

When I was within a few feet of the porch, which was partly concealed by low bushes, the door suddenly opened and a figure appeared.

It was that of a small man, a very small man, squat, dark, thickset, with long arms and tremendously bowed legs. The enormous head, which did not set straight on the massive shoulders, was covered with unkempt black hair. The neck was short and thick, and there was scarcely any forehead to be seen.

Add to this feature that had the appearance of having been crushed a large mouth with thick lips that drooped at one corner and two large gleaming black eyes, and you may have some idea of this singular individual.

My first thought on seeing this hideous apparition was to turn and retrace my steps or to go straight on past the house. But a second glance at the person showed me that he was properly dressed, and that it was his deformity chiefly that thus inspired the sensation of repugnance. So, suppressing my surprise, I addressed him in a voice that was almost gay:

"Eh bien, my friend, at this time of day, and with this kind of weather, I suppose trade with you is not booming. Do you think you can shave me before it gets too dark?"

"Come in, monsieur," he said simply. "I will do the best I can."

He went in first, to make room for me to pass, and pointed to a chair beside the fireplace. The interior of the cottage was very modest. Everything was clean and in its place. A high, old fashioned bedstead stood in one corner, and in another a cupboard with deep shelves and several dozen plates with blue patterns painted on them.

A tall kitchen clock, a mirror, a table, several chairs and a kneading trough composed the rest of the furniture in the room. Two or three dingy looking pictures hung on the smoke stained walls.

From the rafters hung smoked hams, dried plants and sausages, long and black. In the corners stood fishing rods and fowling pieces, and two guns rested their long gleaming barrels against the mantelshelf.

"A little bit of fire is not so bad in this weather, hein. Is it, monsieur? I'll see to the stove while your water is boiling. It won't take long."

And as he stooped to throw a bundle of fagots into the stove I was amazed at the breadth of his shoulders and the enormous size of his hands. Without doubt this strange fellow was possessed of tremendous strength. He rose from his stooping position and went into a neighboring room, shutting the door carefully behind him. When he returned a few moments later, I heard a stealthy step going down the passage.

"Warm yourself, monsieur," he said

to me again, placing a little stone jar filled with water, preparatory to shaving. "Don't fear to burn the wood. Wood is not expensive in the country. It only costs the trouble of gathering it." Then he opened a cabinet and took out a pair of razors, which he began to strop conscientiously.

"Famous razors these, monsieur. This one especially is an English razor, which, if properly ground, could cut your neck through without spilling a drop of blood!"

This pleasant I had often heard before, but from the lips of this strange individual it took on a peculiar character. There was a sound in his voice that made me shudder.

As I sat there poking up the smoldering embers of the fire the conversation of the peasants in the little inn came forcibly back to me. And the more I thought of it the less I felt reassured.

This fellow Bridevent did not belong to this part of the country. No one seemed to know where he came from. Beside his ostensible avocation of barber, which surely did not bring in enough to pay for the wood that burned in the great stove, no one knew of any other means of livelihood that he possessed.

And his manner, too, had roused my suspicions. Why had he gone into the other room and closed the door so cautiously behind him? And those steps I had heard, what were they?

Some one had doubtless been in that room whom he had thought it well to get out of the way. All manner of old tales of persons who had disappeared and left no trace behind, of mysterious assassinations at night in lonely houses, awoke to life in my mind until I began to feel that at any rate it was not prudent to help the murderer to his task by offering my throat unprotected to his razors.

From this moment I carefully watched every movement of my man. He walked up and down the room, ever stopping his famous razors and every few minutes stopping to listen.

Every time he passed the half open door I saw him look nervously out over the fields to the right and left.

Presently his step became more hurried and feverish, and his face betrayed marked impatience. He appeared uneasy, undecided. Was he hesitating?

"I began to feel very uncomfortable indeed and cast frequent glances at the door."

The darkness was coming on rapidly. The room was only lit up by the flickering light of the burning wood. Long ago the water in the stone jar had begun to boil. It had half boiled away and was nearly empty.

Evidently the man was trying to gain time! Perhaps waiting till the shadows of fast approaching night would aid him in his ghastly scheme.

Suddenly he placed the razors upon the edge of the table, looked into the steaming little stone jar, and without a word passed hurriedly into the next room. When he returned, a moment later, he found me standing up ready to bring the adventure to the point.

"All things considered," I began, looking him straight in the face, "I do not care to get shaved tonight. It is getting late, and I am expected to dinner. I will look in tomorrow morning. Here are 60 centimes for the operation. I pay in advance!"

But, without appearing to hear me—I think he was a little deaf—he ran to the door again, and putting his head out listened intently for several seconds.

In the distance I could hear the barking of a dog that was coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly a big dog sprang past his legs.

"Down, Ronflet, down!" he cried angrily.

Then a child came in out of breath, with her hair flying like leaves before a storm. She held something in her hand wrapped in paper.

"Give it here, quick!" cried Bridevent. "Monsieur has been waiting ever so long. Here, give it to me!"

It was a piece of soap!

I sat down again. All was in readiness. Bridevent shaved me, and I must honestly say that even if I was a good deal frightened I have never been better shaved in my life.—From the French.

What He Came For.

It came to pass, then, when Macallister McIlhenny preferred his simple request for her hand and hand, she respectfully but firmly declined, saying in that guileless, disingenuous, original way of hers that she would not be his wife, but would be a sister to him—oh, so gladly!—extending her lily white hand with a string tied to it.

That was only last night, and this night he had come to gather up the rich and costly presents he had given her, and she was sitting in the drawing room with her mother, when there came a pull at the doorbell, like the sluggish pull of a mud turtle at a frisky fishline.

"Who can that be?" asked the maiden's mother as she waited for the butler to respond to it.

"It is Macallister McIlhenny, mamma," replied the girl.

"What is he coming here tonight for? I thought you gave him the bon—excuse me, I mean rejected him last night."

"I did, mamma."

"Then what is he coming here tonight for?"

"I suppose, mamma," said the fair creature, gazing tenderly on a photograph of her fiancé, "that he wishes me to hold an inquest on him."

As Macallister McIlhenny entered the apartment there were tears in his eyes.—Detroit Free Press.

Sidney Smith's Sneer.

"Who reads an American book?" the famous sneering utterance of Sidney Smith, was used in the Edinburgh Review of January, 1820. The article in which it occurs was the review of Adam Sedgwick's "Statistical Annals of the United States." At the time of its employment the Americans bitterly resented the covert sneer and with great energy defended their literature from the supposed insult.

THE CHICAGO OF 1825

A VILLAGE WHICH PRESENTED NO "THRILLING PROSPECTS."

The Country Thereabout Offered Few Features, and There Was Nothing Worthy of Eulogy—A Report That Failed Completely as a Prophecy.

The Chicago of nearly 75 years ago did not present an inviting appearance. The party of Keating and Lang left Fort Wayne in May to discover the source of the St. Peter's river. The approach to Chicago is thus described in the account published in 1825:

"We were near the southern extremity of the lake. The view toward the north was boundless, the eye meeting nothing but the vast expanse of water which spread like a sea, its surface at that time as calm and untroubled as though it were a sheet of ice."

"Our path led us over the scene of the bloody massacre which occurred in 1812, when the garrison of Chicago was destroyed by the Pottawatomies. No traces are now to be seen of the massacre."

"On the afternoon of June 5 we reached Fort Dearborn (Chicago). Fort Dearborn is on the south bank, near the mouth of the Chicago river. The post at Chicago was abandoned a few months after the party visited it. Its establishment had been found necessary to intimidate the powerful tribes of Indians which still inhabit this part of the country."

"We were much disappointed at the appearance of Chicago and its vicinity. We found in it nothing to justify the great eulogium lavished upon it by Mr. Schoolcraft, a late traveler."

"The best comment upon his description of the climate and the soil is the fact that, with the most active vigilance on the part of the officers, it was impossible for the garrison, consisting of 70 to 90 men, to subsist on the grain raised in the country."

"The appearance of the country near Chicago offers but few features. There is too much uniformity in the scenery. The extensive water prospect is a waste uncheckered by islands and unenlivened by spreading canvas."

"The village presents no thrilling prospects, as notwithstanding its antiquity it consists of but few huts, inhabited by a miserable race of men, scarcely equal to the Indians, from whom they are descended. Their log or bark houses are low, filthy and disgusting, displaying not the least trace of comfort."

"Chicago is perhaps one of the oldest settlements in the Indian country. Its name, derived from the Pottawatomie language, signifies either 'skunk' or 'wild onion.' Mention is made of the place as having been visited in 1671 by Perot, who found 'Chicagon' to be the residence of a powerful chief of the Miami."

"As a place of business it offers no inducement to the settler, for the whole annual amount of trade on the lake did not exceed the cargoes of five schooners, even when the garrison received its supplies from Mackinaw."

"It is not impossible that at some distant day, when the banks of the Illinois shall have been covered with a dense population and when the low prairies which extend between that river and Fort Wayne shall have acquired a population proportionate to the produce which they can yield, Chicago may become one of the points in direct communication between the northern lakes and the Mississippi."

"The Indians were chiefly Pottawatomies, but intermixed with Ottowas and Chippewas. Among many charges against these Indians there is none more horrible than the charge of cannibalism. This has been denied, but it has been acknowledged by the Indians themselves, and it has been uniformly admitted by the interpreters and traders who have long resided with them."

"It is a common superstition with them that he that tastes of the body of a brave man acquires a part of his valor, and if he can eat of his heart, which by them is considered as the seat of all courage, the share of bravery which arrives from it is still greater."

"Captain Wells is still mentioned as the bravest white man with whom they ever met. He had almost become one of their number and had united himself to a descendant of Little Turtle."

"At the commencement of hostilities between the British and Americans he sided with his own countrymen, while the Indians of this vicinity all passed into the British service. Wells was killed. After the action his body was divided, and his heart was shared, as being the most certain spell for courage, and part of it was sent to the various tribes in alliance with the Pottawatomies, while they themselves feasted upon the rest."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Sufficiently Rewarded.

The latest joke at the expense of the French Society For the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the president of the society and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds the claim: "I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swings his weapon in the air, to the immense discomfort of the president.

"But where was this wolf?" inquires the latter. "What had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The president reflects an instant and then says, "My friend, I am of opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."—New York Post.

Hair.

The hair grows better in light than in darkness, because of the stimulating effect of light and sunshine. It has been often noticed in the case of men who sit in offices with one side always turned toward the light that the mustache or beard of that side grows longer than that on the other.

HENRY R. PATTERSON, AUGUST VOLLMER.

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SCHOOL DIRECTORS—G. M. Robertson, P. R. Boone, J. W. Richards, B. F. Bergen, H. W. Taylor, Ed. F. Niehaus.

CLERK—C. S. Preble.

ATTORNEY—Thos. F. Graber.

MARSHAL—J. W. Striker.

ASSESSOR—J. W. Wells.

ENGINEER—Charles I. Huggins.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE—E. H. Shaw, East Berkeley; C. R. Lord, West Berkeley.

CONSTABLES—T. G. Botherton, East Berkeley; Con. Newell, West Berkeley.

GAZETTELETS.

Call on E. H. Driggs for your oil and gasoline stoves. He will suit you in prices.

If you want window glass of any size, numbers, lawn mowers, any kind of outery, in fact for anything in the hardware line, call upon SCHMITT & ZEHNER in Shattuck Block, and you can get them to suit.

Madame Kohn, midwife and ladies' nurse, has removed from 1912 Fifth street, to Eighth street, between University avenue and Addison street.

Call at the Dwight Way Station Barber Shop, near Shattuck avenue. First-class attendance.

FRED. CHAMPAGNE,

2113 Dwight Way.

DR. BENNETT-NASH,

Lancaster Block; Rooms 13 and 14. Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 4 p. m. Free clinic to the poor every Thursday, from 10 to 12.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR TRUSTEE

SEVENTH WARD

M. J. ACTON.

Regular Nominee Non Partisan Convention.

FOR TRUSTEE

SIXTH WARD,

G. G. DURRELL.

Peoples' Party Nominee.

FOR TRUSTEE

SIXTH WARD

BYRON E. UNDERWOOD,

Independent Taxpayers' and Non-Partisan Nominee

FOR TRUSTEE

SEVENTH WARD

JOHN J. HIGGINS.

SAMUEL HEYWOOD

Prohibition and Taxpayers' Nominee

TRUSTEE 7TH WARD.

FOR ASSESSOR

TOWN OF BERKELEY

ISAAC W. WELLS

(PRESENT INCUMBENT.)

FOR TOWN MARSHAL.

J. W. STRIKER,

Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan Convention.

ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

FOR TOWN CLERK,

CHAS. W. GOMPERTZ,

Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan Convention.

ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

M. L. HANSCOM

Announces himself as a

Candidate for Town Clerk.

JOHN SQUIRES

Hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of

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AND BE SATISFIED

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TOWN OFFICERS:

TRUSTEES—W. C

Election Proclamation

NOTICE IS HEREBY given to the qualified electors of the Town of Berkeley, that an

ELECTION

Town Officers of the Town of Berkeley

Will be held in said Town on

MONDAY, MAY 13, 1895

when there will be elected:

A Trustee from each of the seven wards.
A Member of the Board of Education from each of the seven wards.
A Town Marshal (ex-officio License Collector).

A Town Clerk.
A Town Treasurer (ex-officio Tax Collector) and

A Town Assessor.
The several places where votes may be cast are located as follows:

First Ward—J. Honer's building, on Shattuck avenue near Vine street.

Second Ward—Berkeley Soda Works, Telegraph avenue, near Dwight way.

Third Ward—shall have two polling places. All voters residing in that portion of the Third ward, lying north of the center line of Bancroft way, shall cast their ballots at Columbia Engine House, Addison street between Stanford place and Oxford street. All voters residing in that portion of the Third ward lying south of the center line of Bancroft way shall cast their ballots at J. J. Mason's Real Estate office, corner of Dwight way and Shattuck avenue.

Fourth Ward—Peralta Engine House, Shattuck avenue.

Fifth Ward—Lorin Engine House, Alcatraz Avenue.

Sixth Ward—Pesen Engine House, Sixth street near Bancroft way.

Seventh Ward—Beacon Engine House Fifth street near University avenue.

The boundaries of the wards herein mentioned are as follows:

First Ward—Bounded on the north and east by the town line, on the south by College way and Bristol street, on the west by Sacramento street and Albina avenue.

Second Ward—Bounded on the north by College way, on the east by east town line, on the south by Russ street and Parker street, and on the west by Ellsworth street and Alston way and Oxford street.

Third Ward—Bounded on the north by College way and Bristol street, on the east by Oxford street, Alston way Ellsworth street, on the south by Parker street, and on the west by Sacramento street.

Fourth Ward—Bounded on the north by Parker street, College avenue and Russ street, on the east by town line, on the south by the town line, Shattuck avenue and Woolsey street, and on the west by Grant street.

Fifth Ward—Bounded on the north by Parker street, on the east by Grant street, Woolsey street, Shattuck avenue and town line, on the south by the town line, and on the west by San Pablo avenue.

Sixth Ward—Bounded on the north by University avenue, on the east by Sacramento street and San Pablo avenue, on the south and west by town line.

Seventh Ward—Bounded on the north and west by the town line, on the south by University avenue, and on the east by Sacramento street, Hopkins street and Albina avenue.

The Polls will be open from sunrise until 5 o'clock P. M.

C. S. PREBLE, Town Clerk.

FOUND—A pair of glasses on Shattuck avenue, which the owner can have by proving property and paying for this notice. Apply at Stricker's cigar store:

Get your political printing done at the GAZETTE office with neatness and despatch and at living rates.

Leave your orders for the Berkeley Steam Laundry at Kelsey's Drug Store.

CASH GROCERY STORE.

DANIEL DUGGAN, Proprietor.

Corner Third and Rose Sts, Berkeley.

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

Fresh & Choice Groceries

A First-class Bar in Connection with the store.

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Co-partnership heretofore existing between Edward Brennen and Hugh McDonald, and this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said co-partnership to be paid to Edward Brennen, who will continue the business of the firm to-wit: The Grocery Business, near the northeast corner of University and San Pablo avenues. That all debts owing by said firm be paid by Edward Brennen.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our names and seals, this 19th day of April, 1895.

ED. BRENNEN.

HUGH McDONALD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of April 1895.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,

Notary Public in and for Alameda County, State of California,

ap 19 1 m

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between R. L. Agers and John J. K. Kough under the firm name and style of R. L. Agers & Co., near the corner of Dwight way Telegraph avenue, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All bills payable and receivable will be attended to at the former place of business of said firm.

Dated Berkeley, April 1, 1895.

LITERARY MEN AND THE PIPE.

Many of Them Detest the Weed, While Others Find Solace In It.

The following from Edmund Yates' "Recollections" appeared in a London periodical: "Mr. Gladstone 'detests' tobacco; Mr. Matthew Arnold 'abuses' it; Mr. Ruskin hates the man who 'pollutes the pure air of the morning with cigar smoke.' But are we not consoled for the abstinence of these great men by the devotion of others of eminence? Thackeray once declared that he did not despair to see a 'bishop lolling out of the Athenaeum with a cheroot in his mouth, or, at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel hat.' But if we have not a smoking bishop, we have a smoking poet laureate (alluding to the late Lord Tennyson), familiar with tobaccos, Latakia, Connecticut leaf, Perique, Lone Jack, Michigan, Killineick, Highlander 'or any of the English brands.'"

"How did he take the gentle weed? At his feet was a box of white clay pipes. Filling one of these, he smoked until it was empty, broke it in twain and threw the fragments into a box prepared for their reception. Then he took another pipe from its straw or wooden inclosure, filled it and destroyed it, as before. For years Professor Huxley, like Charles Lamb, toiled after tobacco 'as some men after virtue.' At a certain debate on smoking he told the story of his early struggles in a way which utterly put the anti-tobaccoists to confusion.

"For 40 years of my life," he said, 'tobacco had been a deadly poison to me. [Loud cheers from the anti-tobaccoists.] In my youth, as a medical student, I tried to smoke. In vain! At every fresh attempt my insidious foe stretched me prostrate on the floor. [Repeated cheers.] I entered the navy. Again I tried to smoke and again met with defeat. I hated tobacco. I could almost have lent my support to any institution that had for its object the putting of tobacco smokers to death. [Vociferous cheering.]

"A few years ago I was in Brittany with some friends. We went to an inn. They began to smoke. They looked very happy, and outside it was very wet and dismal. I thought I would try a cigar. [Murmurs.] I did so. [Great expectations.] I smoked that cigar—it was delicious. [Groans.] From that moment I was a changed man, and I now feel that smoking in moderation is a comfortable and laudable practice and is productive of good. [Dismay and confusion of the anti-tobaccoists. Roars of laughter from the smokers.]

"There is no more harm in a pipe than there is in a cup of tea. You may poison yourself by drinking too much green tea or kill yourself by eating too many beefsteaks. For my own part, I consider that tobacco in moderation is a sweetener and equalizer of the temper." [Total rout of the anti-tobaccoists and complete triumph of the smokers.]

A Curious Fact.

The Popular Science News calls attention to a most remarkable account of the position of certain planets as located in "Gulliver's Travels." This book, written somewhere about 1726, contains the following words: "They spend the greater part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses far exceeding ours in goodness. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the center of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters and the outermost five. The former revolves in the space of 10 hours, and the latter in 21½, so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the center of Mars."

One hundred and fifty years before it was known that Mars had a satellite, when the theory that it had one would have been met with ridicule, or at least disbelief, the author of this remarkable book described the exact number of satellites that Mars possessed, told their location and unusual speed; also a peculiarity in the relation of the speed to the central orb, a peculiarity based upon no principles with which astronomers are familiar. A careful study of the statements made by many writers of marked ability will almost inevitably lead us to the conclusion that certain imaginative minds have the gift of prophecy, or, at all events, there may be flashes of divination possibly unsuspected by the writers themselves.

Meals In the Dark Ages.

Few references can be found as to the manner in which a meal was served and eaten during the dark ages. As near as we can learn, the soup was put in a big bowl with ears, called a "porringer." There was seldom a spoon for each person. Those who had spoons dipped them into the porringer, and the liquid was carried directly to each mouth. Those who were without spoons drank their soup from the porringer, holding it by one of the ears, or else borrowed a spoon of their neighbor.

The meats were placed in a large vessel in the center of the table. Each person present at the meal picked out with his fingers such bits as he desired. One or two knives answered for half a dozen guests. Those who were without knife borrowed from those who had one. As a rule, the guests at table used their own knives. There is no evidence that napkins were supplied to guests at this period. At any rate, no mention is made of them.—Lippincott's.

Disappointed.

Mrs. Wickwire threw down the paper in a way betokening some irritation. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Mr. Wickwire.

"Oh, nothing."

"Oh, yes, there was something. What was it?"

"Well, if you must know, I saw a line in the paper about 'Chinese worsted,' and it turned out to be something about that tiresome war. I thought it was some new kind of dress goods."—Indianapolis Journal.

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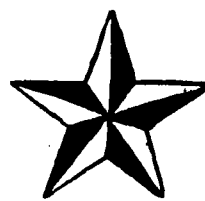
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THE ARCHITECT.

Oh, famous and fine is the rare architect
Who recks not of labor or cost,
Whose buildings with jewels and silver are
decked.

Where never a beauty is lost.
In silence works he through the day and the
night.

Nor sound of a hammer is heard.
Pagodas and palaces, gleaming with light,
Arise at his beck or his word!

In country or town, on the meadow or hill,
He chooses and uses a site.

No law doth he own but the law of his will.
And none may dare question his right.

Unwearied by time and undaunted by foe,
Untrammelled by fear or command,
He builds for all people, the high and the low,
With patient and provident hand.

The castle and cottage alike he'll adorn,
Nor meanest of things doth disdain.

The peasant sleeps sweetly and finds in the
morn

A palace on his window pane.

Oh, famous and fine is this architect rare,
Who recks not of labor or cost,
Who builds gorgeous mansions and yet has to
spare.

The king of all builders, Jack Frost!
—Zitella Cooke in Youth's Companion.

PLAYED WITH THE BULL'S HEAD.

The Penalties Attached to a Hand In Poker
Held Against Five Kings.

Some varieties of cards have the picture of a bull's head upon the fifty-third card, which is known as the "joker," and largely affected by progressive euchre players when they are working assiduously for plated watch charms and cotton lace collars. It is seldom used in a game of poker, but in some sections it is left in the deck upon such occasions, and when a man holds it he is at liberty to give it the same value as any other card in his hand. The other night a party of jovial spirits sat down to while away a few hours at the seductive pastime, and when some one asked what kind of poker should be played another suggested that "everything should go." In the parlance of poker this means a great deal. A player can cheat to his heart's content provided he is not discovered, and as all the players were equally well equipped with tricks the proposition was acceded to.

During the game one of the players excused himself for a moment on some apparently proper plea and left the room. While he was absent he secured a new deck of cards and arranged them so that the person who dealt them would receive four aces, while the man to his left would get four kings. In his hurry he failed to remove the bull's head. Returning to the room, he took his seat, and winking to the man next to him, whose deal it happened to be, he deftly slipped him the "cold deck." The dealer, having confidence in his friend, took the pack and dealt out the hands. Of course he got the four aces. The betting was confined to him and the man to his left, and at last, when each had his cash and all his worldly possessions in the way of jewelry and wearing apparel staked on the result, the hands were called.

The dealer gladly announced the proprietorship of four aces and reached out for the plunder. The other man stopped him instantly. "Why, you can't beat four aces!" ejaculated the dealer.

"Oh, yes, I can," said his opponent. "I've got four kings and the bull's head, and that makes five. That means that I take the pot and all the rest of your clothes, and that every time I meet you on the street in the next six months you'll have to give me a \$5 bill."

Then the game broke up.—Washington Post.

Do We Ever Really Forget Anything?

The brain of mankind has been defined as a kind of phonographic cylinder, which retains impressions made upon it through the medium of the senses, particularly through the eyes and ears. If this be true, memory must depend for its intensity or retentive qualities upon the degree of observation with which the record is made. Nor is this all. If memory's record is kept in the shape of indentations upon the folds of brain matter, are they ever entirely effaced? In other words, do we ever really forget anything? May it not be that in the inner depths of the brain memory has stored up recollections of things which are never again purposely turned to, perhaps, but which instantly spring into being and flash through the mind whenever we hear or see something which recalls them?

There are several well known mental phenomena which strengthen this theory. We know that memory often brightens during the last moments of life, and there are cases on record where Germans, French, Spaniards and others who, upon falling sick in this country scores of years after having entirely forgotten their native languages, recovered and used them upon their deathbeds. There is a theory that in all such cases the brain folds have relaxed, just as do the muscles and cords of the limbs and body, and that by so doing they expose to the mind's monitor indentations (recollections) which were long since folded up and put away as material that could not be of any particular use. Think of these things.—St. Louis Republic.

William Lambert, ex-clerk of the Police Court in Oakland, plead not guilty to a charge of embezzlement which had been placed against him. Demurrers were filed but Judge Frick overruled them.

Eugene Kohne, an old West Berkeley boy, and his bride are in West Berkeley spending their honeymoon. Mr. Kohne is now a resident of Vacaville and was married at that place a few days ago. They are stopping at the residence of Mr. Louis Borkheim and will remain here for about a week.

STILL IN THE FIGHT.

I have not withdrawn my name as reported, I am in the fight to win! G. G. DURRELL, Candidate for Trustee Ward Sixth.